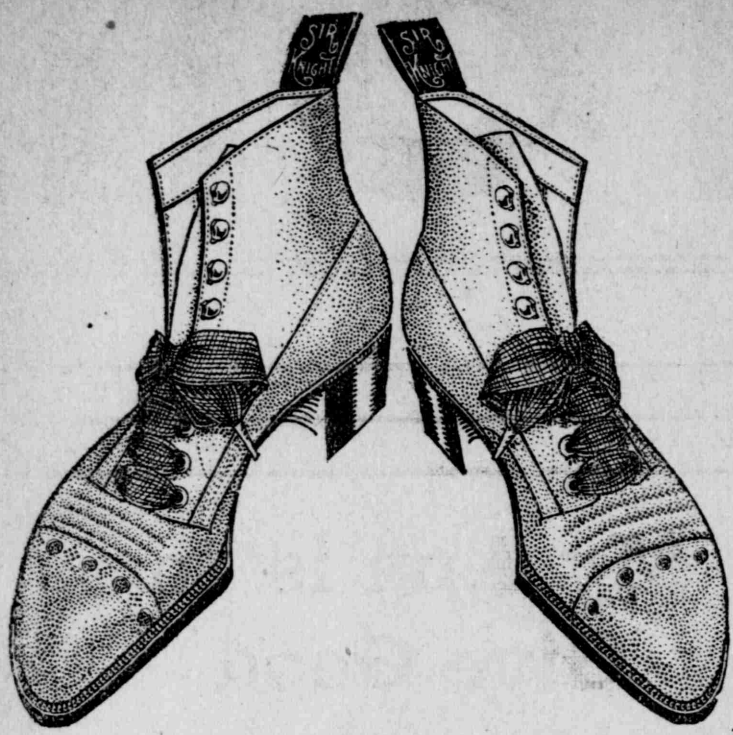


Slowly made, surely good.



Sir Knight

These are not shot through shoes that are made as fast as possible, so as to give the makers their talking chance on quantity and dollars; for shoes so made do not possess the character in workmanship and all around shoe goodness, or the style and satisfaction found in the Sir Knight, which are made pair by pair with the utmost care. All lasts all leathers, all right. \$3.50. \$4.00 and \$5.00. Ask your dealer.

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St. Louis, U. S. A.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

The firm of Kenney & Dudley has been mutually dissolved. Dr. W. K. Dudley will occupy the old offices at 510 Main street and Dr. Wm. Kenney will occupy the office rooms at 514 Main street. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said firm will please call and settle at once.

WM. KENNEY,
W. K. DUDLEY.

FOR SALE.

Foos Jr., 2-horse power gas engine in good condition. Reason for selling will install electric motor. Cost \$125. Will sell for \$60 cash. Apply to THE BOURBON NEWS.

FOR RENT.

Two story brick residence with nine rooms, halls, porches, pantry and all necessary outbuildings. Good location. Apply to DENIS DUNDON.

Public Sale —OF— City Property

Friday, Nov. 18, at Eleven O'clock, on the Premises.

At the above named time we will offer for sale on the premises, the business house and lot on the corner of Pleasant and Tenth streets, in Paris, Ky., property of the late Patrick Keough. The building is a good two-story structure and stands on a lot fronting 284 feet on Pleasant street, running back 100 feet on Tenth street to the same width as in front. The property is the same now occupied by Mr. John Johnson for saloon purposes. It is a desirable location for a saloon or for any other business purpose. Terms will be made known on day of sale.

EMMETT M. DICKSON,
Attorney for Mrs. Mary Collins.
DAVID D. CLINE,
Administrator and Attorney for Mrs. Keough.
M. F. Kenney, Auct.

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WEINGARTEN BROS. Makers Broadway 34 St. N.Y.

THANKSGIVING.

Sweet peace, with folded wings,
broods o'er the land.
While harvest fields yield up their
bounteous store,
And work awaits each honest toil-
er's hand,
To bring contentment to his hum-
ble door.
The barns are stacked with wealth
of precious gold,
To feed the nation through the
coming year.
From granaries the needful seed is
sold,
While loud the song of Industry
we hear.
But who has blest the fruitful crops
so dear,
And kept the people from the dread
of war;
What hand has guided us like
mighty star,
To smooth the frown of toil and
bitter tear?
'Tis God, the great and mighty giver
good;
Thanksgiving loud to him for-
ever be.
He lifts our head to give us strength-
ening food,
And spreads our wealth and
goods from sea to sea.
—Rixford J. Lincoln.

"BLACK MEATY."

(The Tale of a Turkey, by Itself).
I was born on a farm. Not on a
roulet table nor on a battleship nor
on a cake of ice, but on a farm.
Turkeys have a habit of being on a
farm, and I was just like other tur-
keys.

When I first knew I was alive I
thought I wasn't. They had me in a
cramped, dark, rounded chamber
with smooth, white walls. I guessed
they were white. There was no
room to scratch. So I pushed
against all sides of it and broke out.
They say this was an egg. After I
was out I had no desire to go back
again. Some people feel this way
about jail.

At first existence was joyous to
me. I ran round on my little blue
legs picking up worms and bread
crumbs and seeds and pieces of
gravel and experience. And at night
I huddled up with the other turkeys
against the warm bosom of the steam
heat. Mother never chided us. She
was an incubator.

But as I began to get better ac-
quainted with the world I learned
to know some of its disadvantages.
Enemies were many—rats, owls,
wet weather, fussy chickens who
fight you for your food, and puppy
dogs. But as I grew I soon taught
the chickens their place, and ran
away from all the other things but
wet weather. We young turkeys
had only one friend, a human being.
The human being had copious
whiskers, indicating that he was to
be trusted. He always saw to it that
I had eats enough, and nursed me
through my first attack of pip. I
brought one sorrow into his life—he
worried greatly that the food I
ate seemed to go mostly to bone and
feathers.

Little happened except that I
grew. After a while I grew faster
and fatter than many of my breth-
ren, which caused me to give them
the giggle. And I grew beautiful.
Because of my brilliant stove polish
feathers they called me "Black
Meaty." The young human beings
used to pet me, at a distance. Ar-
riving at gobblehood I had heavy
purple wattles on my head and a
wiry plume growing out of my
breast. Neighbors of the human be-
ing came to look at me. I suppose
he thought they wanted to steal me,
for he isolated me in a small coop.
But I was given even more to eat
and waxed corpulent through lack
of exercise. But who wants to ex-
ercise when one can eat?

But, ah, I began to see a light.
Other turkeys were treated like I
was, and these, headless and de-
nuded of their glad plumage, passed
out of the barnyard by the wagon-
load. Dead turkeys DO tell tales.
My faith in the whiskered human
being shattered. I decided that
starvation in the woods was prefer-
able to such a fate. I tried to flee.
Alas, when I tried to, one fatal
morning at dawn, the human being
headed me off with an ax.

Here is Thanksgiving day and my
funeral. Bury me under your belt.
Let the clouds of stuffing fall dully
on my corpse. See that my grave is
trimmed in cranberry jelly and add
a stalk of celery to mark the last
resting place of your unfortunate
friend "Black Meaty."

Thankofferings.

How shall we thank Him? In praise
and prayer,
On bended knee at the altar, where
In crimson leaf and in sheaf of gold
The seed time and harvest tale is
told?
At the laden table where tried and
true
Love and friendship their joys
renew?

The loaf we share and the sheltering
roof
Of our grateful spirit may be the
proof;
The willing service, the ungrudged
wage,
The peace of our home's blest an-
chorage,
The cheering signal of hope we lift
To souls on the sea of doubt adrift,
The songs we set on the lips of pain,
The sacrifice for another's gain,
Than the voice of prayer or of praise
not less
May witnesses be to our thankful-
ness.

TREATMENT IN THANKSGIVING

In this day when the world is full
of counsel of every kind and nearly
every earnest person is out with
some program or recommendation as
to what is needed, there is one piece
of advice that seems to be very rare-
ly given. And yet it is one which
in the early days of Christianity was
always put to the fore and insisted
on with such regularity that it is
hard to see why in our day it is sel-
dom emphasized. We hear a great
deal about nerves, and mind cure, and
psychotherapy of all sorts, until we
get to thinking that those first Chris-
tians never really got hold of the
things that trouble us most. And we
have heard so often the prescriptions
they gave for run-down spiritual lives
that we feel we need something more
modern. But one of the ingredients
that scarcely ever failed to find its
way into their prescriptions was
Thanksgiving. They believed that
many were weak and sickly for no
other reason than that this element
in life had fallen to low proportions.
Yet how often have we heard any-
body, in giving a diagnosis of a bro-
ken down life, say to another: "What
you need is a course of treatment in
thanksgiving?"

One of the most potent factors in
making people neglect their Bibles is
that they come to feel that the writ-
ers were just saying things which
they felt they ought to say; and most
of us are never particularly helped
by hearing anybody who simply says
what he thinks he ought to say. But
a good robust conviction always helps
us, and we shall never get the Bible
back for the vital thing it is until we
realize that in it men are not saying
what they felt they ought to, but
rather what they were driven to say
by their own experience.

Probably everybody recognizes the
general duty of Thanksgiving, but
general duties are just the ones that
we leave to chance. Not until the
habit of gratitude and recognition be-
come definite and particular duty are
we likely to do anything about it.

We are vigilant enough in our moral
lives oftentimes, and we pray
enough, and we are very earnest; and
yet for all that we often feel that
something is wrong, something is
missing. We watch, but we do not
do it with thanksgiving. We watch
rather with anxiety, complaint and
strain. We let our requests be made
known to God, but not with thanks-
giving. We think we can put that in
at any time. We always mean to add
that element some time, but do not do
it in the present difficulty or stress
because it seems to most of us rather
an adornment of prayer than one of
prayer's most invigorating elements.
Or we think thanksgiving will come
of itself when the pressure of happi-
ness grows strong enough. Or we
fall into that old common swindle of
the spontaneous, and think that, to be
sincere, thanksgiving ought to spring
up all of itself. There is just the mis-
take. It is not a spontaneous thing.
Like the other noblest qualities of
life, it is something to be worked
over and practiced. If Paul had felt
that it was an automatic thing which
took care of itself, if he had regarded
it as a sort of exuberance which
would burst up out of one's life when-
ever circumstances were suitable to
it, we may be sure he would not have
taken such pains to put it in every-
where, and insist upon it and urge it.
One suspects that there was some-
thing deeply autobiographic in his
constant insistence on this point, and
that Paul was one who would soon
have sunk down into a complaining
creature if he had not taken pains
with this faculty, which dies out in
so many of us just because we are
not aware that it is one of the things
that demand painstaking.

In our day we try to meet the
world's needs by answering each one
of its complaints. But what is really
most dangerous to men is not that
some of their complaints should be
neglected, but that they should fall
into habit of comparing that fastens
upon them until it becomes inveter-
ate, constitutional and incurable. And
that is just the condition into which
many lives fall. Ten thousand com-
plaints may be satisfied, but things
be no better for it, while we go on
believing that the next satisfaction
will be final. Alas, it never is. Some-
things else is needed; and only hard
work, and deliberate attention, and
a prolonged course of treatment, will
make operative our lives that great
quality of gratitude with all its illu-
minating power. One of our greatest
perils is that the prevailing type of
the Christian life shall get to be like
that mood in which John Foster said
most evangelical divines 100 years
ago ended their days, "a mood of
gently complaining melancholy." What
better description of the prevail-
ing tone of the New Testament
could we give than to say it is the
exact opposite of that?

But when there is some imperative
and unfulfilled need in our life, and
we have discovered it, ought we not
to put that before our eyes exclusiv-
ely until it be met? Never. We shall
get the most truthful attitude toward
the unattained by taking the right
position toward what has already
been achieved. Forgetting the thous-
and and one times in which we have
been brought off victorious is but a
poor way of getting ready for another
victory. It is not a good sign in our
people at the present time that they
give so little recognition to the things

that have been done and done right;
the things that are honest and of good
report.

Even when we are humbled to the
very ground by our latest sin, and feel
that thanksgiving is no proper mood
for us then—when it even shames us
to remember our blessings—to give
thanks even then for all the rest of
our life that our Father has permitted
to stand firm and untouched would
make our confession and repentance
a truer thing. But it takes power to
put it in. We are not readily equal
to it. It is not the mark of a shallow
optimism to be thankful. The shallow
optimist is not thankful, he is just
lazy and pleasant; it takes a pro-
foundly exercised soul and a disciplin-
ed one to thank God in circumstances
where the ordinary soul sees no pos-
sibility of thanks. We may have done
wrong but we shall see this wrong all
the more clearly and sanely, and rep-
ent of it the more perfectly, by see-
ing it against the unchanged back-
ground of God's righteous and kindly
dealings.

And then a steadily complaining
attitude introduces sort of falseness
into our whole situation. It was said
by one of the friends of a very earn-
est and noble worker that if he did
not stop his ceaseless complaining
about things he would soon cease to
have any influence. The man did not
realize that, in his sincere effort to
make things better by exposing all the
difficulties and hindrances, he was all
the time convincing people that
things were so hopeless that it was
not worth while to work at them.
If he had made his complaints with
thanksgiving he would have put heart
in people.

Now the truth is that the very cir-
cumstances in which we feel that
complaint is the only valid attitude
may be the very circumstances in
which one might just as well give
thanks. It does not depend on cir-
cumstances, it depends upon us. Thanks-
giving, like other great powers in us,
is not an occasional exuberance, but
is a power to be gained by thoughtful
attention and practice. If a hundred
more good things were added to us,
they, of themselves, could not make
us thankful unless we worked directly
for that spirit. Nothing that can hap-
pen from the outside can ever change
this for us. Something must happen
from within. And, knowing in him-
self the growth of a thankless spirit,
the Psalmist took himself in hand
and said: "I will be glad and rejoice
in thee," just as he would have said,
"I will" do anything else. Let any
one try this for six months, and make
it his discipline, and he will see a
difference in his whole life.

Thanksgiving Goodies.

Colonial pudding—Mix one cupful of
suet, one cupful Porto Rico molasses,
pinch of salt, three cupfuls of
flour, one cupful seeded raisins, one
fourth teaspoonful cloves, three-
fourths teaspoonful cinnamon, one-
eighth teaspoonful nutmeg, one cupful
sweet milk, one teaspoonful of
soda, sift the soda with the flour,
one cupful broken hickory nut meats.
Steam in a greased mold for three
hours and serve with an egg sauce.

Egg sauce: Cream one fourth cupful
butter, add one-half cupful granu-
lated sugar, one-eighth teaspoonful
salt, pinch of pulverized mace, add
the well beaten yolks of two eggs;
then pour in this one-half cupful of
hot milk; cook over hot water until
the custard coats the spoon; remove
from the fire and pour gradually over
the stiffly-beaten whites of two eggs,
beaten constantly.

Black cake: Beat one cupful but-
ter to a cream, add one cupful sug-
ar; beat until very light; then add
one cupful molasses and after mix-
ing thoroughly add four cupfuls of
flour in which sift one-half teaspoonful
of soda, one-half teaspoonful cin-
namon, one-quarter of a nutmeg
grated, one-half teaspoonful cloves,
one cupful each of dried currants and
seeded raisins and one cupful strong
coffee. After blending thoroughly
add the stiffly-beaten whites of the
eggs. Bake in a paper lined tin,
greasing the paper. It will take two
hours in a moderate oven to bake this
cake. When cold cover with yellow
icing put on roughly and decorate
with strips of citron cut to represent
sheaves of wheat, a bit of icing
placed about the sheaves to represent
the strings holding them together.

Maple ice-cream. Heat a pint of
thick maple syrup just to the boil-
ing point. Remove from the fire
while you beat six eggs thoroughly.
Then add the syrup very slowly, beat-
ing all the time. Return to the fire
in a double boiler and cook until the
mixture will coat a spoon dipped into
it. When cold, add a pint of thick
cream beaten slightly, one teaspoonful
each of vanilla and lemon, and
freeze.

Fruit cookies:—One and one-fourth
cupfuls of butter and two cupfuls of
brown sugar; creamed together; add
four eggs, whites and yolks beaten
separately, and one level teaspoonful
of soda dissolved in a very little hot
water. Stir this into one cupful of
sour cream, add two cupfuls of chop-
ped raisins, spice to taste and flour
enough to roll. Cut and bake in a
quick oven. These will improve
with age.

Prohibition mince pie: One peck
of green tomatoes chopped fine,
five pounds of brown sugar, two
pounds of raisins, two pounds of
currants, two tablespoonfuls of cin-
namon, cloves and allspice, two nut-
megs, 1 1/2 tablespoonfuls of salt.
Boil from three to four hours. Twenty
minutes before done add one cupful
of vinegar. Pies made with a
rich crust and this mincemeat are de-
licious.

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ers' Tickets on Sale 1st and
3rd Tuesdays Each Month to
The West, South West and
Northwest; also to points in
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NOTICE.

The Bourbon Bank, incorporated,
Paris, Ky., having decided to add a
Trust Department to their institution,
respectfully announce to the public
that they will be ready for business
October 20, 1910. They will act in a
fiduciary capacity, such as Executor,
Administrator, Trustee, Guardian,
Committee, Assignee, Agent, etc.,
and will be pleased to receive business
after the above mentioned date.
B. WOODFORD, President.
12 oct 11